



aSQ: Mr. Fashion, I must inform you that undiluted pandemonium broke out when I played your "Mr. Tea Cozy" demo for my co-workers a few months ago. One guy threw a chair across the room, and another snuck up and screamed into someone else's ear, and then the screamer turned around and tried to bite the screamer on the arm, all this during the song "She Eats Paste". What's your secret to really capturing the human experience as you do with your music?

Seppuku Fashion: Spending 2-3 hours jerking off to Japanese porn while blasting Duran Duran's "View to a Kill" over and over again seems to do the trick. Recurring nightmares about some no-good sexual forays, beer eggs, all the fucking rich assholes in Illinois with their fucking cell phones, Pabst Blue Ribbon, Dos Equis, Bull Ice, Cabo Wabo, drinking in the shower, watching four or more John Woo/Chow Yun-Fat movies in which more the twenty people get Swiss-cheesed all seem to work nicely as well.

Do you believe incidents like this will affect the direction in which your pendulum is swinging on Santa Claus' naughty/nice index this year?

Yeah, all I'll be getting from the Big S is a stocking full O'Doul's NA, MJ's favorite boxer briefs, and another raver stalker.

As for this business of yours of drinking beer in the shower, aren't you liable after the first or second six-pack to get shampoo suds in your eyes and injure yourself by knocking a bottle off the shelf, or do you employ a safety spotter?

Scary shit, I highly recommend sticking only to cans in the shower, unless you're looking to redecorate. I avoid soap, lack of mountain fresh hygiene seems to keep the assault of of crack heads speaking in tongues and waving "Jesus loves you" pamphlets in a minimum. As for a safety spotter, fuck that, I looking forward to getting my pendulum chopped off. I'll finally be properly equipped to start making quality MTV beat shit. I'll be chilling with the Neptunes, Jay-Z, Timbaland, and remixing tunes for Fred Durst. Watch out muthafuckas!!!

Do you consume the same brands that other shower-drinking kids are swilling or have you decided to raise your fist in defiance against uber-capitalism and cast off your MTV-issued youth-culture uniform to take your own bathing-beer route?



I feel bad for anyone who shares my shower drinking tastes. Cheap American pilsners for breakfast always seem to make driving to work a little more exciting. Such is life in one of the ultimate high end American suburban areas when you have none.

On top of this Japanese porn thing, the field operatives I've sent to observe your skinny white ass have reported instances of you speaking Nipponese and also practicing kendo in big pants. Is butoh dancing your next step or are there other plans in your quest to turn Japanese?

Wow, field operatives? Observing my most intimate moments? I'm astonished they weren't scared off by my ceaseless masturbation and molestation of pets since I had the good fortune to read that very informative piece on the wonders of mans best friend that happened to grace the c8 list a bit back. Fun times for everyone! Ehh, as for Japanese adventures, I may go live there for a bit, study kendo, go to karaoke bars, get wrecked and eat a ton of awesome food. Learning to prepare some of that food goodness would be high on me list of things to do as well. However I can think think of far less stressful places I'd like to explore so I may put those plans on hold for a bit while I wander about some other spots on the globe.

OK, before we wrap this up, explain, in haiku form, the etymology of the name Seppuku Fashion.

the witless oaf's handsome crown
from a long autumn night's ceaseless revelries
pains him greatly now indeed